The space occupied by ten lines of this ype (Nompareil) shall constitute a square.

Vol. 18, No. 16.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1886.

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COCKETELS,
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An entire New and Well Selected Stock of

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's STOTICES.



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LATEST STYLES! LOWEST FIGURES!

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In fact, everything in this line, as well as TRUNKS and VALISES, SHAWL and SATCHEL STRAPS, the best make of WORKING PANTS, OVERALLS, &c.,

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Any one wishing a First Class Fitting, Well Made my visions. I saw him as plainly as Suit, Pants, or anything in this line, will do well to call see you now, and knew that he was to be my husband. You can't believe it: before buying.

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CALL AND SEE The NEW STYLES SHOES!

HIGH CUT AND COMMON SENSE SHOES, let him go out again in the Conqueror. That will separate them for some months, and give us time to contrive." All Sizes and Prices, at

C. L. ROOD & CO..

HE. "Love me forever," say you, and you claim.
This changing heart for an estate in fee,
Whereas no lasting tenure of the same
Can by the laws which govern nature be.

Volenti Non Fit Injuria.

List to the lesson taught by mortal things: Age follows youth, and death sweeps age away;
Spring dies amid bot May-time ripenings,
And autumn strips the woods, so green in
May.

Bind not with promises the heavenly boon; Only the poets dream of love eternal; Men duly busied with affairs diarnal Speak, less unrightly, of a honeymoon,

And with the vulgar must I own, sweet friend Love's a mere lease, aye wearing to its end. SHE.
"Love's a mere lease," you say, a term of

years Aye wearing out, which must in time determine. nd will expire much sooner, it appears, Than I grow wrinkled or you don the err Well, then, so be it; if it like you so,
I'll be a tenant of your heart at will,
And yield possession, thankfully or no,
When some new love bids high the place to
fill:

FAITH CONVERSE'S VISIONS. I have always lived in a New England village, and have ever sought to be a religious, God-fearing woman. It is due to myself to state these things, because what I have here to set down is extraordinary and out of the common. Some of it I regard as at variance with sound Christian precept, but I am in no way responsible for it. I merely relate some curious facts concerning my late niece, Faith Converse, and her late hus-Her mother is my youngest Both her parents died in her infancy, and her nurture and admonition became my charge. She grew up a good girl in the main, but too much given to the conceits of the world—as her mother was before her. Faith had what worldly folk call beauty and grace; and though I made her dress demurely, she was never without a trinket, a rib-bon, or a flower in her hair. Yet she was obedient and loving; she dutifully attended the preaching of the word with me; and when my eyes were dim at night she was willing to take the blessed book and read an edifying chapter of my choice to me.

Until Faith was 18 we two lived comfortably together on my slender income, and nothing happened to disturb the wonted serenity of our lives. Then there was a change. We dwelt in a there was a change. We dwelt in a seaport town, the greatest man of which was 'Squire Bradish. He was its largest ship-owner, and otherwise wealthy and prosperous. He was a childless widower of 50, and lived with a housekeeper and servants in a great house that overlooked the bay. His deep bass led the singing at meeting, though not a member ing at meeting; though not a member he was regularly there, and he was charitable, kind, and good. Therefore I was surprised—uay, I was delighted— when he told me one day that the subject of taking another wife had been much on his mind of late, and that Faith Eldridge was the one whom he wished. And he said that perhaps it would be better if I would first make his desire known to her. I gladly did so the same day. She was amazed; that I had expected; but she gave a positive refusal, and I was more vexed than I can tell. In vain did I remind her of the 'squire's riches, his position, his goodness. She shook her head decided-ly. I am not given to anger, but wrath

at that time was to be justified. "Tell me this instant," I said (and I think I stamped my foot), "what this folly means! Have you a lover?" She colored.

"Don't be angry with me, Aunt Rachel!" she said. "I wanted to tell you before, but I did not dare. I am betrothed to Earl Converse, the master of 'Squire Bradish's ship Conqueror. We shall be married some time—I trust. We became engaged just before his ship sailed the last time. But-but-I loved him before I ever saw him." The girl seemed to be losing her

I stared at her, but indignation kent me silent. She broke out in a wild talk that made

"There are things which I can't explain to you, aunt," she said. "You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you. I see things in my sleep and I hear voices that tell me truly of much that is to happen. When the great storm came last December that wrecked so many of our ships and drowned so many sailors of our town I knew it weeks before the news came home. I could have told the name of every wrecked ship and drowned sailor, but the people would have thought me crazy—as you do now. The meeting-house burned up three years ago-and I had seen it all in my sleep two nights before. Months ere met Earl Converse he came to me in nobody would, but Earl-he does. No matter, it is true.

In pity to the girl, fearing that some devil had possession of her, I said no more just then. Next day I saw the 'squire and told him. He listened, asked me many questions, and appeared thoughtful. But he agreed with me that something was strangely troubling the girl's mind. He hoped it would soon pass away, and he hoped that Faith might also be cured of this silly fancy for a poor shipmaster, and be willing to take the first man of the town

for her husband. The Conqueror came into port on he return voyage a few weeks after my talk with Faith, and as there was no sinful secret to be longer kept, Captain Converse came openly to our house. He was a proper enough young man; he never swore like most seafaring men. In time, no doubt, he would be fore-handed, and had not the 'squire spoken out as he did, I might have been satisfied with him as Faith's future husband. As it was I put up my vexation and kept

A few days before the Conquero sailed again Faith told me that she had promised Captain Converse that with my consent she would marry him on his return. Had not my mind been made up from my sense of Christian duty, her wistful voice and imploring eyes might have shaken my resolution. But I did not yield, and leaving her in tears I went to tell the news to 'Squire Bradish. He became more thoughtful than ever when he heard it, and knitted his

I ventured to make a suggestion, was so anxious, and perhaps I spoke sinfully and uncharitably. "Suppose you discharge him from your service," I said. "That would destroy his income, and they could not He looked at me curiously, and did

"I have been thinking of that; but it will not do. Poor as he is, they might marry now. in spite of us. No; we will Some time after the sailing of her lover I observed a great change in

estranged us. I feared still more for her mind, and treated her with the greatest kindness. Her eyes thanked me, and she always kissed me now upon going to bed. And more than ever did I pray that peace and serenity.

one night there was a rap at the door. My niece was out among her flower-beds, and I answered the rap. The caller was 'Squire Bradish.
"Where is Faith?" I told him. "I have had news, Miss Rachel. She must hear it. Please call her in." She came in, with her sunbonnet in

her hand, not at all agitated by the 'squire's call. "There is bad news to-day, Miss Eld-ridge," he said. "Can you hear it?" She fixed her eyes intently upon him, but showed no emotion. "The Conqueror has just rounded the

to see neither of us.

I looked to see her scream or faint. She did neither. With her hands lying

I went to her and laid my hand on her arm. "Do you hear, Faith? The 'squire says that Capt. Converse is drowned." "It is not true," she said. "I saw him on the 14th of June. He seemed weary and troubled. I can believe that he has been in danger and perplexity, but he is not dead. He did not come

to me in that way." There was nothing to be said in the face of such perversity as this. The 'squire took his leave and next morning, after the ship was at the dock, he sent in the particulars of the captain's sad fate. In the height of a storm the lurch of the ship threw him against the rail. He must have been stunned, for as he lay doubled over it he did not reach out his hand to save himself, but top-pled into the sea. No boat could live in such a gale, and nothing could be done to help him. The mate saw it all, but was not near enough to aid him.

All this I told to Faith. She merely shook her head. I grew angry—I could

not help it.
"Foolish girl!" I cried. "Will you insist after this that he is yet alive?" "I know he is," was her calm reply.
"Faith Eldridge, beware! You are
flying in the face of Providence. These visions and dreamings are not of Godthe adversary is in them. Confess your wickedness; ask Him to forgive your implety; mourn a little, if you will, for your dead—and then, in due time, marry that excellent man who is pa-

tiently waiting for you."
"I think," she said, "that God made my betrothed come to me that night that I might know he was still alive. Her shocking irreverence took away my breath. Had it been six years carlier in her life I should have chastised her severely, and felt like doing so as it was, But twas no use to labor with her,

Prayer was the only weapon left me, and I wielded it most vigorously. Months passed and Squire Bradish ventured to speak to Faith about his wishes. I never asked either what hanpened in that interview. I had no need. saw him leave the house with a clouded face, and I knew there was no hope

And soon something happened that startled the town. Inexpressibly shocked as it was, the avenging hand of God seemed in it. The 'squire was strong and robust and in the maturity of life; but, as often happens to such men, he sickened and

went rapidly to death's door. When the doctor told him that he might not have another day to live, he had his lawyer sent for. "Tear up my will," he said, "which gives everything to churches and chariies. Draw another; let the old hous keeper have a thousand dollars, and all

but that goes to Faith Eldridge. It was done and duly executed. "Tell her," he said, "that it is all the reparation I can make her; the captain of the Conqueror stood in my way, and I hired that ruflian of a mate to remove him. He did it; he caught him unawares one dark and stormy night when the crew were all aloft and forward and none could see, and flung him over the quarter. The mate told me he did it when he came for his bloodmoney; and he has left this land forever. It was my

work-God forgive me!" So it came to pass that, through these astounding events, Faith went one day to take possession of the British man-sion and the wealth of its late owner. She took me with her. Yes, thanks be to God, Capt. Converse returned, alive and well, when three years had passed since the Con-

queror bore him away. I was present at his happy meeting with Faith, and on that occasion, I am constrained to say, he kept his arms round her longer than a strict sense of propriety would allow. And she did not either scream or swoon this time. She simply said: "I knew you were alive, Earl-1 was sure you would come," and laid her head on his shoulder and allowed him to kiss her four or five times. It seemed to me that once would have been quite

He had clung to a floating spar when treacherously hurled into the sea, and had been picked up the next morning. very near to death, by a trader bound for the South Atlantic; he had endured shipwreck on the African coast, had been captured and sold into savage caped, and at last reached home again. The brief years of wedded life which these two enjoyed were happy. They were bound up in each other, so much so that I have fears that their religious duties were not always performed with becoming zeal. Did not my humility might also suggest that the marital fondness, which frequently excluded any attention to another person, although that person was everywhere in their household, was a remarkably selfish passion.

More than five times (to be precise) during the first year of their wedded life did Faith Converse assure her husband that they were nevermore to be parted.

"I could not live without you now, dear Earl," she would say, "and I think you would be lonely without me. But be of good cheer; we shall never be parted: within the same hour we shall seek a higher happiness in a better world. I know it. I have seen it in my sleep. When or where or how it will be I cannot tell, but that we two shall die together is as certain as that What visions are given her to see

now I may know some day, but that in the flesh she saw the future as we can not see it is proven by what I have written and have yet to write. On the night of Aug. 7, 1859; a furious storm came in from the sea and raged all night over the town. You can be not speak for a long time. Then he shown to-day the great trees that were splintered and scarred with the lightning; strong men who were children then remember how they cowered and shuddered as they heard His terrible voice in the storm and the thunder. Until daylight I was upon my knees. At the dawn I tapped upon their door. Faith. Her cheerfulness departed. She rew pensive and silent; once I found it. They answered not. I softly unclosed it. They were asleep, but they had al-

figured by the swift messenger, they lay as if in peaceful slumber. He had called them and they had gone home together. - Philadelphia Times.

Her Composure was Wonderful.

An elevated train stopped at the Twenty-third street station on the Sixth avenue road, yesterday afternoon, and a richly-dressed young woman stepped daintily aboard and moved forward to the only vacant seat in the car. She sank languidly into it, folded her hands on her lap, pursed her lips and eyes in-to a sort of pained and reminiscent nook, and became lost, apparently, to her surroundings. She held a prayer-book in her gloved hand. Just before the car stopped at Thirty-first street she careened over slightly to one side and thrust her hand into the folds of her dress. She tugged petulantly at some lower point. A swift cutter coming up brought me a letter from the mate. It tells me that Capt. Converse was drowned on the 14th of June, in midwhile three or four men stooped forward, picked them up, and put them gently into her outstretched hand. Her loosely in her lap she sat there, with a far-away look in her eyes, which seemed tinge of color was added to her face as composure was wonderful. Not she bowed her thanks and resumed her devout expression and her vigorous clasp upon the prayer-book. She had what is sometimes called a repose.-Brooklyn Eagle.

Agriculture in Mexico.

Although the main business of the ountry is agriculture, this branch of industry is carried on under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances One of its greatest drawbacks is, that the whole country is divided up into immense haciendas, or landed estates small farms being rarely known; and out of a population of ten million or more, the title to the soil is said to vest in not more than six thousand persons. Some of these estates comprise square leagues instead of square acres in ex-tent, and are said to have irrigating ditches from forty to fifty miles in length. Most of the land of such estates is uncultivated, and the water is wasted upon the remainder in the most reckess manner. The titles by which such properties are held are exceedingly varied, and probably to a considerable extent uncertain. Some came from the old Spanish Government, through its viceroys: some from Mexico, through its governors or political chiefs; while over a not inconsiderable part of all the good land of the country, the titles of the church, although not recognized by the government, are still, to a certain ex-tent, respected. Added to all this, there is a marked indisposition on the part of the large owners of real estate in Mexico to divest themselves of such property; and this for various reasons. Thus, in the heretofore almost permanently revo-lutionary condition of the country, the tenure of movable or personal property was subject to embarrassments from dened. And, finally, from what is probably an inherited tradition from Old Spain, the wealthy Mexican seems to be prejudiced againt investing in cooperative (stock) or financial enterrises-the railways, banks, and mines, n both Old Spain and Mexico, for example, being to-day mainly owned and controlled by English or other foreign apitalists.-Hon. David A. Wells, in Popular Science Monthly.

Painting a War Picture.

"In painting a war picture the artist nust first select a battle of national interest and with a certain dramatic value of its own. Now comes the almost end ess task of collecting the material. "The soldiers who take part in a great engagement often represent almost every locality in the country. All the sources must be consulted. One can't afford to be mistaken in a single instance. It would be detected the very first time an old soldier who was in the fight visited the picture. But to make you understand I will tell you how I collected the naterial for the Siege of Vicksburg, that Mr. Morgan is now finishing. First I obtained access to the War Department at Washington, D. C., and collected every photograph and sketch pertaining to the fight. I also obtained copies of the roll call of all the Federals engaged in the battle. To 38,000 of these nen I sent circular letters, requesting them to send me their full name, age, weight, height and a photograph Thousands of these letters have been an swered. If they were all collected and printed in book form I honestly believe t would be the most interesting and most unique contribution to the history of the rebellion extant. A few days ago I wrote to Colonel Fred Grant asking him to send me a photograph of himself at the age when he was at the battle of Vicksburg with his father. Yesterday his wife answered the letter, sending his picture, representing a lad of 13. writes: 'Dear General: Inclosed find photograph of Colonel Fred Grant at the age when he was at the battle of Vicksburg with his father, General Grant. It is the only one we have of him while at that age, and, as his mother prizes it very much, will you kindly finished?'

return it when your great picture is "Here is the photograph of four men all standing in a row on crutches. You will notice that each man has lost his left leg. They wrote me a letter stating that they were all engaged in the battle slavery, and after such sufferings as killed all his companions he had esall lost their left leg. Now, isn't that a bit of remarkable war history.'

Coffee Eating Habit.

A correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Reporter mentions the case of a young woman of twenty-two who had acquired the habit of eating roasted coffee beans. Though the habit was only of four months' standing, she had eaten as much as a half a pound a day, and had only decreased to four ownces per day on the earnest solicitation friends. The effect on her healthy had been that she became pale, sallow and nervous; the pulse weakened, the stomach got out of order, and, among other symptoms, there was marked dyspnora in going up stairs. An attempt to stop the habit was followed in a few hour by intense nervousness, trembling, and a strong desire for coffee.

Not a Fisherman Himself, Perhaps

"You are fishing with persistence," said a gentleman to an urchin who had threshed a stream without apparent reward a whole afternoon. ·O. no, sir; on'y jest angle-worms," eplied the youth, pleasantly.
"I mean you have a good deal of per-

everance," explained the other. "No, them's suckers; guess ye ain't lived in these parts, hev ye?" The boy was not a little disgusted by the stranger's ignorance."-Binghamton Repub-

hysband, who served in the Union army. --grew pensive and silent; once I found the later and silent; once I found her in tears. I could not speak to her ready awakened to a fairer morning of the old, distressing subject, for it than this. Neither scarred nor distribution after the way for a time of the old, distressing subject, for it than this. Neither scarred nor distribution after the way for a time of the old, distressing subject, for it is and Philadelphia has a big hand in it.

NAVIGABLE BALLOONS. It is Claimed that the Problem is Near-

and "putting about" so as to gain their appointed haven through all the exiencies of winds and waves. The ship of the air, however, stood in a different position as regards the controlling power of its sailors. The first business of aeronauts was that of ascending into the air, and of securing their ready and safe descent. These matters having been worked out satisfactorily enough, the idea of making the balloon something more than a wind-tossed bag, and of utilizing it as a statutory means of locomotion, grew upon the minds of ex-perimenters. All that is required is dibrothers and sisters to "go for" the conrective control and propelling power. The latter project presents no difficulties of unsurmountable kind. Electricity has been attempted as a motive power, in ballooning with satisfactory results. The chief matter at issue is the power of navigating absolutely and truly the course of the ship in the air. This point settled or practically achieved, that of swift motor power will not be delayed in its further development. A balloon service for purposes of ordinary locomotion may be a realized fact of life before this century draws to a close. Recent accounts of French experiments in the navigation of balloons must therefore prove of interest. The modern balloon of M. Renard, who is Captain of the Chalais-Meudon aerial machine, is singularly unlike the well-known object we have seen careering through the blue ether. As seen in an excellent photo-graph of its flight taken from the Observatory at Meudon the balloon presents the appearance of a cylinder pointed at each end. It shows, in fact, a somewhat thickened spindleshape; a steering rudder, at what we presume may be called the stern of the air ship and a commodious car below. Like other ships the navigable balloon pos-sesses a "log" for determining the dis-tance sailed. This is a miniature bal-

loon made of goldbeaters' skin, 120

litres in capacity. This balloon log is let go, flies to the rear of the car, and

its swervings and twitchings duly regis-

tered by the aid of a chrono velocity of the air ship can be accurately tested in this fashion. The other furnishings of the balloon include the electrical motor apparatus already re-ferred to, and the steering-gear. Recently-published accounts of the nerial voyages of M. Renard show clear-ly enough that the question of accurate navigation in the atmosphere is merely one of time. Thus we find it stated that in one experimental trip, lasting fifty minutes, M. Renard, despite contrary current winds, navigated the balloon safely to the exact spot at which he had aimed. In another voyage the balloon was set in motion from Meudon in the direction of Paris, whence a strong wind was blowing. The start was made in which has long prevailed in to "jaw," as a sailor would say, but reached the Seine, towards the western end of the Island of Billancourt, at 5 o'clock. The aerial log showed the rate of traveling to be six metres per second -a metre being something over thirtynine inches, and the locomotion being thus of a highly respectable speed. The balloon entered the enceinte of Paris at Bastion No. 65 at 5:12 p. m., after a tour lasting forty-seven minutes. There the aeronauts determined to put about shin and the maneuvre was executed with the greatest case. On the return journey it fell in with a favoring wind and made the point of departure in eleven minutes, as compared with the fortyseven minutes occupied on the out-jour ney. The average hight at which the balloon sailed was about 400 metres above the ground. The succeeding day the French Minister of War and the President of the Committee of Fortifications covered the same ground in the balloons. The wind was blowing towards Paris, which was reached in seventeen minutes, the return journey

occupying twenty minutes. The again returned to the exact point of its departure, and the landing was easythis last being a material point in the experiments, when we reflect upon the serious bumpings and other exigencies which used to be encountered by the Coxwells and the Glaishers in the early days of ballooning. The report of the experiments shows that out of seven voyages made the balloon returned in live cases to the exact point of departure. Trials such as described would therefore appear to indicate that systematic navigation in the air is a project which in a few years may appeal to the public as a scheme deserving tangible support. Doubtless we may be inclined at first to regard an aerial voyage with feelings of distrust; but persons still living can remember the day when the idea of scouring the country in an express train at the rate of sixty miles an hour was regarded with feel ngs of incredulity. Time, which

The Two Buttons Behind.

worked wonders in the matter of rail-

way traveling, may be trusted to soften

down any asperities of thought with

navigable balloons may be at

which the

encompassed.

suggestion of voyaging in

We acknowledge utter inability to explain why two buttons are placed on the rear of a man's coat, or what the original purpose may have been. There is a theory that the custom of wearing these beautiful ornaments began in the days when men considered it necessary to earry big swords around with them to get them into cutting scrapes and trip them up when they went home drunk late at night. The sword was suspended from a belt or sash, and the outtons helped to keep the stomach band in place. The custom is continned, perhaps, because the buttons re lieve the dreariness of a man's back, but we say we are not certain about it. Anyhow, their absence, or the absence of one of the pair, is noticeable, and apt to cause the remark, if the remarker is a woman, that if that man were her husband she would give his coat an overhauling with a needle and thread. — Cincinnati Commercial Ga-

Fun with the New Machine. The police force have a good joke on member. It appears that the late addition to "the linest" was furnished with a fire-alarm key, and never for twenty-five years, serving from 1811 having seen the inside of one of these to 1836. Judge Duval was a represenboxes thought he would enlighten him- tative from Maryland to the first self as to the mysterious inwards of these by means of his key. He got the box open all right, and when he had closed | delphia with Mrs. Gibbons, who had a the box again he was horrified to find that he could not extract the key. A taciturn. Giles and Duval became brother officer coming along kindly in- great friends, but after they left conformed the victim that it would be as gress they lost sight of each other for a much as his life was worth to go away and leave the key in the box, as some at the beginning of Jefferson's adminis fellow might come along and turn on a tration, when Giles was Senator and false alarm. So the new man "lingered Duval comptroller of the treasury. They near," like Mary's little lamb after the were happy in the revival of old times, teacher had put it out, till Superintend- and were enjoying themselves in chatent Coffee could be found. The police- ting about them until Senator Giles in-Mrs. Dunmire, the divorced wife of man need not feel sore over the matter, quired of Duval, "What has become of Guiteau, is in Washington for the purfor there is a young man in town who

rushed to a box to turn in an alarm, but | Gibbons who, when he had opened the box, did

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY S. D HARRIS &: SON!

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Woman's Barbarous Dress. The effort now being made by certain humanitarians to discourage the wear-ing of birds or their plumage by ladies

Long ago men learned the art of alterin their hats is all very good in its way, ing the course of ships at will, of adsays the Millinery Trade Review, and gives opportunities for such persons to justing sails to breezes, and of tacking pose as reformers; but why they should visit their wordy wrath upon the poor milliners, as some have done, is as mys-terious as it is inconsistent. The milliner does not kill the birds, nor do they reach her until they have passed through the hands of several dealers or middlemen, and she would not sell them were they not demanded by her customers. The consumer of an article is the person responsible for its being offered as merchandise. So we advise our benevolent

> And while they are about it, let them' not stop at plumes on hats; let them re-collect the beautiful tortoise-shell comb Miss Fashion wears in her hair was originally taken from an innocent creature which used this material for its only defense. The kid gloves she has on her hands were stripped from a babe whose parents had hoped that its maturity would be spent in the harmless amusement of bounding about on the suburban rocks and foraging freely on fence-board circus posters. The satchel she carries on her arm

but a short time ago formed part of an amphibious animal whose only crime consisted of basking in the sunshine on the mud flats of the St. John's river, Florida, occasionally frolicking in its waters, or watching for an incantious black pickaninny on whom to make a

The silk dress she robes herself in was made from the winding threads that formed protection for thousands of nature's beautiful creations, which were cruelly scalded within their secluded retreats lest they might eat their way out and spoil the continuity of the valuable

The sacque that shields her fair form from the rude wintry blasts once helped protect a beautiful animal, whose native home is amid the icy regions of Alaska. where he was ruthlessly sacrificed for a species of skin game; an animal susceptible of domestication and capable of a high degree of culture, vying with the average Italian in musical ability, as was demonstrated by several that have been exhibited at various museums, where they handle the barrel-organ with marked skill.

The portemonnaie she so daintily car-ries in her hand, and the card-case that accompanies her on calls of ceremony. were once part of beautiful tusks that excited the cupidity of Asiatic or African hunters, who murdered a possible Jumbo to secure them for commercial purposes,

In the Cumberland Mountains.

Meanwhile the darkness was falling, and the scenery along the road grew wilder and grander. A terrific storm had swept over these heights, and the scene of fearful elemental violence On the summits one sees the tan-bark oak: lower down, the white oak: and lower yet, fine specimens of yellow poplar: while from the valleys to the crests is a dense and varied undergrowth, save where the ground has been burnt over year after year, to kill it out and improve the grazing. Twenty miles to the southeast we had seen through the pale-tinted air the waving line of Sellico Mountains, in Tennessee. Away to the north lay the Beaver Creek and the lower Cumberland, while in front of us rose the craggy, scowling face of Anvil Rock, commanding a view of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia. The utter silence and heartoppressing repose of primeval nature was around us. The stark white and gray trunks of the immemorial forest dead linked us to the inviolable past. The air seemed to blow upon us from over regions illimitable and unexplored, and to be fraught with unutterable suggestions. The full-moon swung itself aloft over the sharp touchings of the green with spectral pallor; and the evening-star stood lustrous on western horizon in depths of blue as cold as a sky of Landseer, except where brushed by tremulous shadows of rose on the verge of the sunlit world. A bat wheeled upward in fantastic curves out of his undiscovered glade. And the soft tinkle of a single cow-bell far below marked the invisible spot of some lonely human habitation. By-and-by we lost sight of the heavens altogether, so dense and interlaced the forest. The descent of the hack appeared to be into a steep abyss of gloom; then all at broke from the edge of the woods into a flood of moonlight; at our feet were the whirling, foaming rapids of the river; in our ears was the near roar of the cataract, where the bowcrowned mist rose and floated upward

and away in long trailing shapes of ethereal lightness.

The Cumberland River 'runs and and throws itself over the rocks here with a fall of seventy feet, or a perpendicular descent of sixty-two, making a mimic but most beautiful Niagara. Just below, Eagle Falls drops over its precipice in a lawny cascade. The roar of the cataract, under favorable conditions, may be heard up and down stream a distance of ten or twelve miles. You will not find in mountainous Kentucky a more picturesque spot. The hotel stands near the very verge of the waters; and the mountains, rising one above another around, shut it in with infinite security from all the world .-James Lane Allen, in Harper's Maga-

zine. Lady Worsley found fault one day with a niece of hers, who afterward be-came the Marchioness of Tweeddale, for neglecting to attend family prayers, which Lady Worsely was in the habit of conducting. The niece excused her-self because she had been told that Lady Worsely, who was a strong Jacobite, did not pray for the King. "Not pray for the King?" exclaimed Lady Worsley indignantly. "I will have you and those who sent you know that I do pray for the King, only I do not think it neces-

sary to tell Almighty God who is King!" -Speciator. A Story of Justic Duval's Wife.

Speaking of Stanley Matthew's mar-

riage, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, reminds me of a story which Ogle Taylor tells of Justice gress, and while there he and William B. Giles, of Virginia, boarded in Philadaughter who was neither young nor time. They met again in Washington that d--d cackling old maid, Jennie

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the renothing but stand and shout fire into it ply, and it is needless to say that the